JULIUS CÆSAR.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES.

By *SHAKESPEAR.*

N:

kespear's-Head, in

Ditch-side.

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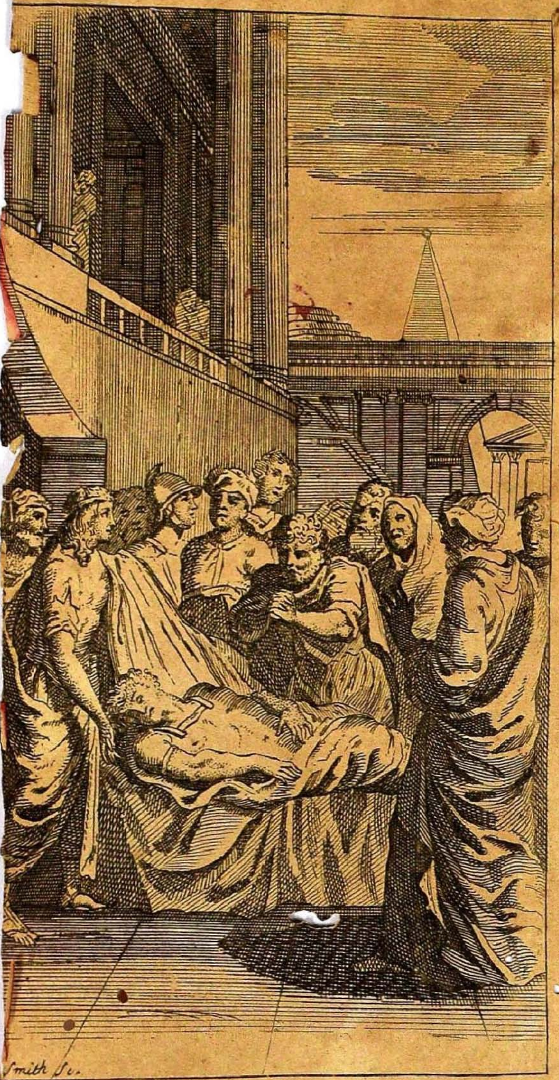
Sarasvati Mahal Library. Thanjavur


Smith Sc.

Dramatis Personæ.

JUlius Cæſar.
Octavius Cæſar.
M. Antony.

Brutus, Caſſius, Caska, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, Cinna, Flavius, Murellus,	*Conſpirators againſt* Julius Cæſar.

Artemidorus, *a Sooth-ſayer.*

Meſſala, Titinius,	*Friends to* Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Cinna, *the Poet.*
Lucius, *Servant to* Brutus.

Calphurnia, *Wife to* Cæſar.
Portia, *Wife to* Brutus.

Plebeians, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE *for the three firſt Acts, and beginning of the Fourth in* Rome, *for the remainder of the Fourth near* Sardis, *for the Fifth in the Fields of* Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Rome.*

Enter Flavius, Murellus, *and certain Commoners over the Stage.*

FLAVIUS.

HENCE; Home you idle Creatures, get you home;
Is this a Holy-day? What know you not,
Being Mechanical, you ought not to walk
Upon a labouring Day, without the Sign
Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best Apparel on?
You Sir, what Trade are you?

Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman I am but as you would say, a Cobler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe Conscience, which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad Soals.

Flav. What Trade, thou Knave? thou naughty Knave, what Trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy Fellow?

Cob.

Cob. Why, Sir, Cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly Sir, all that I live by, is the Awl: I meddle with no Tradesman's Matters, nor Woman's Matters; but withal, I am indeed, Sir, a Surgeon to old Shooes; when they are in great Danger, I recover them. As proper Men as ever trod upon Neats-Leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to Day?
Why dost thou lead these Men about the Streets?

Cob. Truly Sir, to wear out their Shooes, to get my self into more work. But indeed Sir, we make Holy-day to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoice! —— What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*.
To grace in Captive Bonds his Chariot Wheels?
You Blocks, you Stones, you worse then senless Things!
O you hard Hearts! You cruel Men of *Rome!*
Knew you not *Pompey*? many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
To Towers and Windows, yea to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Arms, and there have sate
The live-long Day with patient Expectation,
To see great *Pompey* pass the Streets of *Rome*?
And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
Have you not made an Universal Shout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his Banks
To hear the Replication of your Sounds,
Made in his Concave Shores?
And do you now put on your best Attire?
And do you now cull out an Holy-day?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over *Pompey*'s Blood?
Be gone ——
Run to your Houses, fall upon your Knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the Plague,
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Flav. Go go, good Countrymen, and for this Fault
Assemble all the poor Men of your sort,
Draw them to *Tyber* Bank, and weep your Tears
Into the Channel, 'till the lowest Stream

Do kiſs the moſt exalted Shores of all. [*Exeunt Commoners.*
See where their baſeſt Mettle be not mov'd,
They vaniſh tongue-ty'd in their Guiltineſs.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol,
This way will I; Diſroble the Images,
If you do find them deck'd with Ceremonies.
Mur. May we do ſo?
You know it is the Feaſt of *Lupercal.*
Flav. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Cæſar*'s Trophies; I'll about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the Streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
Theſe growing Feathers pluckt from *Cæſar*'s Wing,
Will make him fly or ordinary Pitch,
Who elſe would ſoar above the view of Men,
And keep us all in ſervile Fearfulneſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, Antony *for the Courſe,* Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caſka, *a Soothſayer; after them* Murellus *and* Flavius.

Cæſ. Calphurnia.
Caſk. Peace ho, *Cæſar* ſpeaks.
Cæſ. Calphurnia.
Calp. Here my Lord.
Cæſ. Stand you directly in *Antonio*'s way,
When he doth run his Courſe. —— *Antonio.*
Ant. Cæſar my Lord.
Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed, *Antonio,*
To touch *Calphurnia*; for our Elders ſay,
The Barren touched in this holy Chaſe,
Shake off their ſteril Courſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember.
When *Cæſar* ſays, Do this; it is perform'd.
Cæſar. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.
Sooth. Cæſar.
Cæſ. Ha! who calls?
Caſk. Bid every Noiſe be ſtill; Peace yet again.
Cæſ. Who is it in the Preſs that calls on me;
I hear a Tongue, ſhriller than all the Muſick,
Cry, *Cæſar*: Speak; *Cæſar* is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. What Man is that?
Bru. A Sooth-ſayer bids you beware the Ides of *March.*

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Set him before me, let me ſee his Face,
Caſ. Fellow, come from the Throng, look upon *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. What ſay'ſt thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March.*
Cæſ. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him; Paſs.
[*Exeunt. Manent* Brutus *and* Caſſius.
Caſ. Will you go ſee the order of the Courſe?
Bru. Not I.
Caſ. I pray you do.
Bru. I am not Gameſom; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder, *Caſſius,* your Deſires;
I'll leave you.
Caſ. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late;
I have not from your Eyes that Gentleneſs
And ſhew of Love, as I wont to have;
You bear too ſtubborn, and too ſtrange a Hand
Over your Friends, that love you.
Bru. *Caſſius,*
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my Look,
I turn the Trouble of my Countenance
Meerly upon my ſelf. Vexed I am
Of late, with Paſſions of ſome Difference,
Conceptions only proper to my ſelf,
Which give ſome Soil, perhaps, to my Behaviour:
But let not therefore my good Friends be griev'd,
Among which Number *Caſſius* be you one,
Nor conſtrue any further my Neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus,* with himſelf at War,
Forgets the ſhews of Love to other Men,
Caſ. Then *Brutus,* I have much miſtook your Paſſion,
By Means whereof, this Breaſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great Value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus,* can you ſee your Face?
Bru. No, *Caſſius*; for the Eye ſees not it ſelf,
But by Reflection, by ſome other things.
Caſ. 'Tis juſt,
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus,*
That you have no ſuch Mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your Eye,
That you might ſee your Shadow. I have heard
Where many of the beſt Reſpect in *Rome,*

Except

Except immortal *Cæſar*, ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this Age's Yoak,
Have wiſh'd that noble *Brutus* had his Eyes.

Bru. Into what Dangers would you lead me, *Caſſius*?
That you would have me ſeek into my ſelf,
For that which is not in me?

Caſ. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear:
And ſince you know you cannot ſee your ſelf
So well as by Reflection; I, your Glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to your ſelf
That of your ſelf, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*;
Were I a common Laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary Oaths my Love
To every new Proteſtor; if you know
That I do fawn on Men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know,
That I profeſs my ſelf in Banqueting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flouriſh and Shout.*

Bru. What means this Shouting? I do fear, the People
Chuſe *Cæſar* for their King.

Caſ. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think you would not have it ſo.

Bru. I would not, *Caſſius*; yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general Good,
Set Honour in one Eye, and Death i'th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the Gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.

Caſ. I know that Virtue to be in you, *Brutus*.
As we[illegible] as I do know your outward Favour;
Wel[illegible] Honour is the ſubject of my Story:
I cannot tell, [illegible] you and other Men
Think of this Life; [illegible] for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a Thing as I my ſelf.
I was born free as *Cæſar*, ſo were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endur[illegible] cold, as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and guſty Day,
The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his Shores,
Cæſar ſays to me, Dar'ſt thou *Caſſius* now
Leap in with me into this angry Flood,
And ſwim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow; ſo indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty Sinews, throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with Hearts of Controverſy.
But e'er we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd, Help me *Caſſius*, or I ſink.
I, as *Æneas*, our great Anceſtor,
Did from the Flames of *Troy*, upon his Shoulder
The old *Anchiſes* bear, ſo, from the Waves of *Tyber*
Did I the tired *Cæſar*: And this Man
Is now become a God, and *Caſſius* is
A wretched Creature, and muſt bend his Body,
If *Cæſar* careleſly but nod on him.
He had a Fever when he was in *Spain*,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'Tis true, this God did ſhake,
His coward Lips did from their Colour fly,
And that ſame Eye, whoſe bend doth awe the World,
Did loſe his Luſtre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that Tongue of his that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books
Alas! it cry'd —— Give me ſome drink, *Titinius*——
As a ſick Girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A Man of ſuch a feeble Temper ſhould
So get the Start of the majeſtick World,
And bear the Palm alone. [*Shout. Flouriſh.*

Bru. Another general Shout?
I do believe, that theſe Applauſes are
For ſome new Honours that are heap'd on *Cæſar*.

Caſ. Why Man, he doth beſtride the narrow World
Like a *Coloſſus*, and we petty Men
Walk under his huge Legs, and peep about
To find our ſelves, diſhonourable Graves.
Men at ſome times are Maſters of their Fates:
The Fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our Stars,
But in our ſelves, that we are Underlings.

Brutus and *Cæsar*. What ſhould be in that *Cæsar?*
Why ſhould that Name be ſounded more than yours?
Write them together; yours is as fair a Name;
Sound them, it doth become the Mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; Conjure with 'em.
Brutus will ſtart a Spirit a Spirit as ſoon as *Cæſar*.
Now in the Names of all the Gods at once.
Upon what Meat doth this our *Cæſar* feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd;
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, ſince the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one Man?
When could they ſay, 'till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide Walls incompaſt but one Man?
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and Room enough
When there is in it but one only Man.
O! you and I have heard our Fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal Devil to keep his State in *Rome*,
As eaſily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would worke to, I have ſome aim;
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times
I ſhall recount hereafter: For this preſent,
I would not ſo (with Love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with Patience hear, and find a time
But meet to hear, and anſwer ſuch high Things.
'Till then, my noble Friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Than to repute himſelf a Son of *Rome*
Under ſuch hard Conditions, as this Time
Is like to lay upon us.

Caſ. I am glad that my weak Words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of Fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæſar and his Train.

Bru. The Games are done, and *Cæſar* is returning.

Caſ. As they paſs by, pluck *Caſka* by the Sleeve,
And he will, after his ſowre Faſhion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy Note to day.

Bru. I will do ſo: But look you, *Caſſius*,

The

The angry Spot doth glow on *Cæſar*'s Brow,
And all the reſt look like a chidden Train;
Calphurnia's Cheek is pale, and *Cicero*
Looks with ſuch Ferret, and ſuch fiery Eyes
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,
Being croſt with Conference in ſome Senators.

Caſ. *Caska* will tell us what the Matter is.

Cæſ. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. Let me have Men about me that are Fat,
Sleek headed Men, and ſuch as ſleep a-Nights:
Yond *Caſſius* has a lean and hungry Look,
He thinks too much; ſuch Men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.

Cæſ. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my Name were liable to Fear,
I do not know the Man I ſhould avoid,
So ſoon as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reads much,
He is a great Obſerver, and he looks
Quite through the Deeds of Men. He loves no Plays,
As thou doſt, *Antony*; he hears no Muſick:
Seldom he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his Spirit
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such Men as he be never at Hearts Eaſe,
Whilſt they behold a greater than themſelves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæſar*.
Come on my right Hand, for this Ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'ſt of him.

[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and his Train*.

Cask. You pull'd me by the Cloak, would you ſpeak with me?

Bru. Ay *Caska*, tell us what hath chanc'd to Day,
That *Cæſar* looks ſo ſad.

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I ſhould not then ask *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why, there was a Crown offer'd him; and being

being offered him, he put it by with the back of his Hand, thus, and then the People fell a Shouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond Noiſe for?

Caſk. Why, for that too.

Caſ. They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt Cry for?

Caſk. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Caſk. Ay marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honeſt Neighbours ſhouted.

Caſ. Who offer'd him the Crown?

Caſk. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caſka*.

Caſk. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meer Foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw *Mark Antony* offer him a Crown, yet 'twas not a Crown neither, 'twas one of theſe Coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again; but to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his Fingers off it; and then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and ſtill as he refus'd it, the Rabblement houted, and clapp'd their chopt Hands, and threw up their ſweaty Night-caps, and uttered ſuch a deal of ſtinking Breath, becauſe *Cæſar* refus'd the Crown, that had it almoſt choaked *Cæſar*; for he ſwooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips and receiving the bad Air.

Caſ. But ſoft I pray you; what did *Cæſar* ſwoon?

Caſk. He fell down in the Market-place, and foam'd at Mouth, and was ſpeechleſs.

Bru. 'Tis very like, he hath the Falling-Sickneſs.

Caſ. No, *Cæſar* hath it not; but you and I,
And honeſt *Caſka*; we have the Falling-Sickneſs.

Caſk. I know not what you mean by that; but I am ſure *Cæſar* fell down; if the tag-rag People did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleaſed, and diſpleaſed them as they uſe to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true Man.

Bru. What ſaid he, when he came unto himſelf?

Caſk.

Cask. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common Herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offered them his Throat to cut; and I had been a Man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues; and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, If he had done, or ſaid any thing amiſs, he deſired their Worſhips to think it was his Infirmity. Three or four Wenches where I ſtood, cryed, Alas, good Soul-----and forgave him with all their Hearts: But ther'es no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæſar* had ſtabb'd their Mothers, they would have done no leſs.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus ſad, away.

Cask. Ay.

Caſ. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Cask. Ay, he ſpoke *Greek.*

Caſ. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' Face again. But thoſe that underſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhook their Heads; but for mine own part it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more News too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarfs off *Cæſar*'s Images, are put to Silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Caſ. Will you ſup with me to Night, *Caska?*

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Caſ. Will you dine with me to Morrow?

Cask. Ay, if I be alive, and your Mind hold, and your Dinner be worth the eating.

Caſ. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Do ſo: farewel both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt Fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to School.

Caſ. So is he now, in Execution
Of any bold or noble Enterprize.
However he puts on this tarday Form.
This Rudeneſs is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which gives Men ſtomach to digeſt his Words
With better Appetites.

Bru. And ſo it is: For this time I will leave you.
To morrow, if you pleaſe to ſpeak with me,

I will

I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Caſ. I will do ſo: 'till then think of the World.
[*Exit* Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: Yet I ſee
Thy honourable Mettle may be wrought
From that 'tis diſpoſed, therefore 'tis meet
That noble Minds keep ever with their likes:
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Caſſius*,
He ſhould not humour me. I will this Night,
In ſeveral Hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from ſeveral Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great Opinion
That *Rome* holds of his Name: Wherein obſcurely
Cæſar's Ambition ſhall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæſar* ſeat him ſure,
For we will ſhake him, or worſe days endure. [*Exit.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Caska, *his Sword drawn, and* Cicero.

Cic. Good Even, *Caska*; brought you *Cæſar* home?
Why are you breathleſs, and why ſtare you ſo?

Cask. Are not you mov'd, when all the ſway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero!*
I have ſeen Tempeſts, when the ſcolding Winds
Have riv'd the knotty Oaks, and I have ſeen
Th' ambitious Ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds;
But never 'till to Night, never 'till now,
Did I go through a Tempeſt dropping Fire.
Either their is a Civil Strife in Heav'n,
Or elſe the World, too ſaucy with the Gods,
Incenſes them to ſend Deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderful?

Caſk. A common Slave, you know him well by ſight,
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty Torches join'd; and yet his Hand,
Not ſenſible of Fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides, I ha' not ſince put up my Sword,
Againſt the Capitol I met a Lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went ſurly by,

With-

Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred gastly Women,
Transformed with their Fear, who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the Streets.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Even at Noon-day, upon the Market place,
Houting and shrieking. When these Prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not Men say,
These are their Reasons, they are Natural:
For I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange dispofed time:
But Men may construe things after their Fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Cæsar* to the Capital to morrow?

Cask. He doth: For he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good Night then, *Caska*; this disturbed Sky
Is not to walk in.

Cask. Farewel, *Cicero*. [*Exit.* Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Cask. A *Roman.*

Cas. *Caska*, by your Voice.

Cask. Your Ear is good. *Cassius*, what Night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing Night to honest Men.

Cask. Who ever knew the Heav'ns menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the Earth so full of Faults.
For my part I have walk'd about the Streets,
Submitting me unto the perillous Night;
And thus unbraced, *Caska*, as you see,
Have bar'd my Bosom to the Thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue Lightning seem'd to open
The Breast of Heav'n, I did present my self,
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Cask. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heav'ns?
It is the part of Men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful Heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, *Caska*: and those sparks of Life
That should be in a *Roman*, you do want,
Or else you use not; You look pale, and gaze,

And

And put on fear, and caſt yourſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the Heav'ns:
But if you would conſider the true Cauſe,
Why all theſe Fires, why all theſe gliding Ghoſts,
Why Birds and Beaſts, from quality and kind,
Why old Men, Fools, and Children calculate;
Why all theſe things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That Heav'n hath infus'd them with theſe Spirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear and warning,
Unto ſome monſtrous State.
Now could I, *Caſka*, name to thee a Man,
Moſt like this dreadful Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roars,
As doth the Lion in the Capitol;
A Man no mightier than thy ſelf, or me,
In perſonal Action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange Eruptions are.

Caſk. 'Tis *Cæſar* that you mean; is it not, *Caſſius*?

Caſ. Let it be who it is: For *Romans* now
Have Thewes and Limbs like to their Anceſtors;
But woe the while, our Fathers Minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mother Spirits,
Our Yoke and Sufferance ſhew us womaniſh.

Caſk. Indeed, they ſay the, the Senators, to morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall wear his Crown by Sea, and Land,
In every Place, ſave here in *Italy*.

Caſ. I know where I will were this Dagger then;
Caſſius from Bondage will deliver *Caſſius*.
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat:
Nor ſtony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Braſs,
Nor airleſs Dungeon, nor ſtrong Links of Iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of Spirit:
But Life, being weary of theſe worldly Bars,
Never lacks Power to diſmiſs it ſelf.
If I know this, know all the World beſides;
That part of Tyranny, that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure.

Caſk.

Cask. So can I.
So every Bondman in his own Hand bears
The Power to cancel his Captivity.

Caſ. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a Tyrant then?
Poor Man, I know he would not be a Wolf,
But that he ſees the *Romans* are but Sheep;
He were no Lion, where not *Romans* Hinds.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty Fire,
Begin it with weak Straws. What traſh is *Rome?*
What Rubbiſh, and what Offal? when it ſerves
For the baſe Matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar.* But, oh Grief!
Where haſt thou led me? I perhaps ſpeak this
Before a willing Bondman: Then I know
My Anſwer muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And Dangers are to me indifferent.

Cask. You ſpeak to *Caska*, and to ſuch a Man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Ho'd, my Hand:
Be factious for redreſs of all theſe Griefs,
And I will ſet this Foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.

Cask. There's a Bargain made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the nobleſt-minded *Romans*,
To undergo, with me, an Enterprize,
Of honourable dangerous Conſequence:
And I do know, by this they ſtay for me
In *Pompey*'s Porch; for now this fearful Night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the Streets,
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Feav'rous, like the Work we have in hand,
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cask. Stand cloſe a while, for here comes one in haſte.

Caſ. 'Tis *Cinna*, I know him by his Gate,
He is a Friend. *Cinna*, where haſte you ſo?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that, *Mete*[illegible]*ber.*

Caſ. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, *Cinna?*

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful Night is this?
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange Sights.

Caſ. Am I not ſtaid for? tell me.

Cin.

Cin. Yes, you are,
O *Cassius!* If you could but win the noble *Brutus*
To our Party——

Cas. Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this Paper,
And look you lay it in the Prætors Chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his Wind; set this up with Wax
Upon old *Brutus* Statue: All this done,
Repair to *Pompey*'s Porch, where you shall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To seek you at your House. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these Papers as you bad me.

Cas. That done, repair to *Pompey*'s Theatre. [*Ex.* Cin.
Come *Caska*, you and I will, yet e'er Day,
See *Brutus* at his House; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the Men entire,
Upon the next Encounter, yields him ours.

Cask. O, he sits high in all the Peoples Hearts:
And that which would appear Offence in us,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymy,
Will change to Virtue and to Worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his Worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after Midnight, and e'er Day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Garden.*

Enter Brutus.

WHAT *Lucius!* ho!——
I cannot, by the Progress of the Stars,
Give guess how near to Day——*Lucius*, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I say! what *Lucius!*

Enter

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a Taper in my Study *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. [*Ex.*

Bru. It muſt be by his Death: And for my part,
I know no perſonal Cauſe to ſpurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd---
How that might change his Nature, there's the Queſtion.
It is the bright Day that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary Walking: Crown him ---that---
And then I grant we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th'abuſe of Greatneſs, is, when it disjoins
Remorſe from Power: and to ſpeak truth of *Cæſar*,
I have not known, when his Affections ſwayed,
More than his Reaſon. But 'tis a common Proof,
That Lowlineſs is young Ambition's Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upward turns his Face;
But when he once attains the upmoſt Round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his Back,
Looks in the Clouds, ſcorning the baſe Degrees
By which he did aſcend: So *Cæſar* may:
Then, leſt he may, prevent; and ſince the Quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is augmented,
Would run to theſe, and theſe Extremities:
And therefore think him as a Serpent's Egg,
Which hatch'd, would, as kind, grow miſchievous,
And kill him in the Shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Cloſet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus ſeal'd up, and I am ſure,
It did not lie there, when I went to Bed.
[*Gives him the Letter.*

Bru. Get you to Bed again, it is not Day.
Is not to Morrow, Boy, the firſt of *March*.

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the Kalender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir, [*Exit.*

Bru. The Exhalations, whizzing in the Air,

Give ſo much light; that I may read by them.
[*Opens the Letter and reads*
Brutus, *thou ſleepe'ſt; awake, and ſee thyſelf:*
Shall Rome,---*ſpeak, ſtrike, redreſs.*
Brutus *thou ſleep'ſt: Awake.*
Such Inſtigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:
Shall Rome---Thus muſt I piece it out,
Shall *Rome* ſtand under one Man's awe? What *Rome*?
My Anceſtors did from the Streets of *Rome*
The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, ſtrike, redreſs---Am I entreated
To ſpeak, and ſtrike? O *Rome*, I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſs will follow, thou receiv'ſt
Thy full Petition at the Hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is waſted fifteen Days. [*Knock within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, ſomebody knocks:
Since *Caſſius* firſt did whet me againſt *Cæſar*,
I have not ſlept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt motion, all the Interim is
Like a Phantaſma, or a hideous Dream:
The Genius, and the mortal Inſtruments,
Are then in Council; and the State of Man,
Like to a little Kingdom, ſuffers then,
The nature of an Inſurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Caſſius* at the Door,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Ears,
And half their Faces buried in their Cloaths,
That by no means I may diſcover them,
By any mark of Favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.
They are the Faction. O Conſpiracy!
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When Evils are moſt free? O then, by Day

Where

Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek none, Conspiracy,
Hide it with Smiles and Affability:
For if thou path thy native Semblance on,
Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough,
To hide thee from Prevention.

Enter Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus *and* Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your Rest;
Good Morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all Night:
Know I these Men, that come along with you? [*Aside.*
Cas. Yes, every Man of them; and no Man here
But honours you: And every one doth wish,
You had but that Opinion of your self,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This *Decius Brutus*.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*
And this *Metellus Cimber*.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful Cares do interpose themselves,
Betwixt your Eyes and Night?
Cas. Shall I intreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the East: Doth not the Day break here?
Cask. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.
Cask. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:
Here as I point my Sword, the Sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful Season of the Year.
Some two Months hence, up higher toward the North,
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your Hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our Resolution.
Bru. No, not an Oath: If not the Face of Men,
The Sufferance of our Souls, the Time's abuse,
If these be Motives weak, break off betimes,

And

And ev'ry Man hence, to his idle Bed:
So let high-ſighted Tyranny range on,
'Till each Man drop by Lottery. But if theſe,
As I am ſure they do, bear Fire enough
to kindle Cowards, and to ſteel with Valour
The melting Spirits of Women; then, Countrymen,
What need we any ſpur, but our own Cauſe
To prick us to redreſs? What other Bond,
Than ſecret *Romans*, that have ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Than Honeſty to Honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it.
Swear Prieſts, and Cowards, and Men cautelous,
Old feeble Carrions, and ſuch ſuffering Souls
That welcome wrongs: Unto bad Cauſes, ſwear
Such Creatures as Men doubt; but do not ſtain
The even Virtue of our Enterprize,
Nor th' inſuppreſſive Mettle of our Spirits,
To think, that or our Cauſe, or our Performance,
Did need an Oath, when every drop of Blood
That every *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral Baſtardy,
If he doth break the ſmalleſt Particle
Of any promiſe, that hath paſt from him.

Caſ. But what of *Cicero?* ſhall we ſound him?
I think he will ſtand very ſtrong with us.

Cask. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his Silver Hairs
Will purchaſe us a good Opinion,
And buy Mens Voices, to commend our Deeds:
It ſhall be ſaid, his Judgment rul'd our Hands;
Our Youths, and Wildneſs, ſhall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his Gravity.

Bru. O name him not: let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other Men begin.

Caſ. Then leave him out.

Cask. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no Man elſe be touched, but only *Cæſar?*

Caſ. *Decius*, well urg'd; I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, ſo well belov'd of *Cæſar*,

Should

Should out-live *Cæsar*: we ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd Contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Bru. Our Courſe will ſeem too bloody, *Caius Caſſius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs;
Like wrath in Death, and envy afterwards:
For *Antony* is but a Limb of *Cæsar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers, *Caſſius*:
We all ſtand up againſt the Spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the Spirit of Men, there is no Blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæsar*'s Spirits,
And not diſmember *Cæsar*! but, alas!
Cæsar muſt bleed for it. And, gentle Friends,
Let't kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him, as a Diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkaſs fit for Hounds;
And let our Hearts, as ſubtle Maſters do,
Stir up their Servants to an act of Rage,
And after ſeem to chide them. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe neceſſary, and not envious:
Which ſo appearing to the common Eyes,
We ſhall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
For he can do no more than *Cæsar*'s Arm,
When *Cæsar*'s Head is off.

Caſ. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted Love he bears to *Cæsar* ——

Bru. Alas, good *Caſſius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himſelf, take thought, and die for *Cæsar*.
And that were much he ſhould; for he is giv'n
To Sports, to Wildneſs, and much Company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock ſtrikes*.

Bru. Peace, count the Clock.

Caſ. The Clock hath ſtricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Caſ. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether *Cæsar* will come forth to Day, or no:

For

For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late,
Quite from the main Opinion he held once,
Of Phantaſie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, theſe apparent Prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd terror of this Night,
And the perſuaſion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to Day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o'er-ſway him; for he loves to hear,
That Unicorns may be betray'd by Trees,
And Bears with Glaſſes, Elephants with Holes,
Lions with Toils, and Men with Flatterers.
But when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He ſays, he does, being then moſt flatter'd.
Let me work:
For I can give his Humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Caſ. Nay, we will all of us there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermoſt?

Cin. Be that the uttermoſt, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear *Cæſar* hatred,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you have thought on him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loves me well; and I have given him Reaſons,
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.

Caſ. The Morning comes upon's; we'll leave you *Brutus*,
And Friends diſperſe yourſelves; but all remember,
What you have ſaid, and ſhew yourſelves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look freſh and merrily,
Let not our Looks put on our Purpoſes,
But bear it as our *Roman* Actors do,
With untir'd Spirits, and formal Conſtancy;
And ſo good Morrow to you every one. *Exeunt.*

Manent Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius!* faſt aſleep? It is no matter,
Enjoy they Honey-heavy-dew of Slumber;
Thou haſt no Figures, nor Phantaſies,
Which buſie Care draws in the Brains of Men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your Health thus to commit
Your weak Condition to the raw, cold Morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus,*
Stole from my Bed: And yesternight at Supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your Arms a-cross:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle Looks.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your Head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your Foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your Hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that Impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humour,
Which sometime hath his Hour with every Man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep:
And could it work so much upon your Shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I should not know you, *Brutus.* Dear, my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of Grief,

Bru. I am not well in Health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in Health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do: Good *Portia,* go to Bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sick? And is it Physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the Humours
Of the damp Morning? What is *Brutus* sick?
And will he steal out of his wholsom Bed,
To dare the vile Contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy and unpurged Air,
To add unto his Sickness? No, my *Brutus,*
You have some sick Offence within your Mind,
Which, by the Right and Virtue of my Place,
I ought to know of: and upon my Knees,
I charm you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your Vows of Love, and that great Vow,
Which did incorporate and make us one,

That

That you unfold to me, yourſelf, your half;
Why you are heavy, and what Men, to Night,
Have had reſort to you; for here have been
Some ſix or ſeven, who did hide their Faces
Even from darkneſs.
Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia.*
Por. I ſhould not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*;
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no Secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourſelf,
But as it were in ſort, of Limitation?
To keep with you at Meal, Comfort your Bed,
And talk to you ſometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good Pleaſure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus'* Harlot, not his Wife.
Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad Heart.
Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this Secret.
I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* took to Wife:
I grant I am a Woman, but withal,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato*'s Daughter.
Think you, I am no ſtronger than my Sex,
Being ſo father'd, and ſo husbanded?
Tell me your Councils, I will not diſcloſe them:
I have made ſtrong proof of my Conſtancy,
Giving myſelf a voluntary Wound
Here, in the Thigh; can I bear that with patience,
And not my Husband's Secrets?
Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this noble Wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia* go in a while,
And, by and by, thy Boſom ſhall pertake
The Secrets of my Heart.
All my Engagements I will conſtrue to thee,
All the Charactery of my ſad Brows:
Leave me with haſte. [*Ex.* Portia.
Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius.
Lucius, who's that knocks?
Luc. Here is a ſick Man that would ſpeak with you.
Bru.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that *Metellus* ſpake of.
Boy, ſtand aſide. *Caius Ligarius!* how?

Cai. Vouchſafe good Morrow from a feeble Tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you choſe out, brave *Caius*
To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not ſick.

Cai. I am not ſick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any Exploit worthy the name of Honour.

Bru. Such an Exploit have I in hand *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful Ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
I here diſcard my Sickneſs. Soul of *Rome*,
Brave Son, deriv'd from honourable Loins,
Thou like an Exorciſt, hath conjur'd up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible,
Yet get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make ſick Men whole.

Cai. But are not ſome whole that we muſt make ſick?

Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is, my *Caius*,
I ſhall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.

Cai. Set on your Foot,
And with a Heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: But it ſufficeth
That Brutus leads me on. (*Thunder.*

Bru. Follow me then. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Cæſar's *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæſar *in his Night Gown.*

Cæs. Nor Heav'n, nor Earth, have been at Peace to Night;
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her Sleep cry'd out?
Help, ho; they murder *Cæſar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go, bid the Prieſts do preſent Sacrifice,
And bring me their Opinions of Succeſs.

Ser. I will my Lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæſar?* Think you to walk forth?

You

You ſhall not ſtir out of your Houſe to Day.

Cæs. *Cæſar* ſhall forth; the things that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my Back: When they ſhall ſee
The Face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.

Cal. *Cæſar*, I never ſtood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the Watch.
A Lioneſs hath whelp'd in the Streets,
And Graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriors fight upon the Clouds,
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right form of War,
Which drizz'ed Blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of Ba•e hurried in the Air,
Horſes did neigh, and dying Men did groan,
And Ghoſts did ſhriek and ſqueal about the Streets.
O *Cæſar!* theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæſar* ſhall go forth: For theſe Predictions
Are to the World in general as to *Cæſar*.

Cal. When Beggars die, there are no Comets ſeen,
The Heav'ns themſelves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their Deaths,
The Valiant never taſte of Death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that Men ſhould fear,
Seeing that Death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What ſay the Augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to ſtir forth to Day,
Plucking the Entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a Heart within the Beaſt.

Cæs. The Gods do this in ſhame of Cowardiſe:
Cæſar ſhould be a Beaſt without a Heart,
If he ſhould ſtay at home to Day for fear:
No, *Cæſar* ſhall not; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæſar* is more dangerous than he.
We heard two Lions litter'd in one Day,

And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæſar* ſhall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my Lord,
Your Wiſdom is conſum'd in Confidence:
Do not go forth to Day; call it my Fear,
That keeps you in the Houſe, and not your own.
We'll ſend *Mark Antony* to the Senate-Houſe,
And he will ſay you are not well to Day:
Let me upon my Knee, prevail in this.

Cæſ. Mark Antony ſhall ſay I am not well,
And for thy Humour, I will ſtay at home,

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he ſhall tell them ſo.

Dec. Cæſar, all hail! Good-Morrow, worthy *Cæſar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate-Houſe.

Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to Day:
Cannot is falſe, and that I dare not, falſe;
I will not come to Day; tell them ſo, *Decius*.

Cal. Say he is ſick.

Cæſ. Shall *Cæſar* ſend a Lie?
Have I in Conqueſt ſtretcht mine Arm ſo far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the Truth?
Decius, go tell them *Cæſar* will not come.

Dec. Moſt mighty *Cæſar*, let me know ſome Cauſe,
Leſt I be laugh'd at when I tell them ſo.

Cæſ. The Cauſe is in my Will, I will not come;
That is enough to ſatisfie the Senate.
But for your private Satisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my Wife ſtays me at home:
She dreamt laſt Night ſhe ſaw my Statue,
Which like a Fountain, with an hundred Spouts,
Did run pure Blood; and many luſty *Romans*
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their Hands in it:
And theſe does ſhe apply, for Warnings and Portents,
And Evils imminent; and on her Knee
Hath begg'd that I will ſtay at home to Day.

Dec. This Dream is all amiſs interpreted,
It was a Viſion fair and fortunate:
Your Statue ſpouting Blood in many Pipes,

In

In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies that from you great *Rome* shall suck
Reviving Blood, and that great Men shall press
For Tinctures, Stains, Relicks, and Cognisance.
This, by *Calphurnia*'s Dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this Day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send them Word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
Break up the Senate 'till another time,
When *Cæsar*'s Wife shall meet with better Dreams:
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid!
Pardon me, *Cæsar*, for my dear dear Love,
To your Proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And Reason to my Love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your Fears seem now *Calphurnia*?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cinna, *and* Publius.

And look were *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome, *Publius*.
What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good-morrow, *Caska*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your Enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't a Clock?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your Pains and Courtesie.

Enter Antony.

See *Antony*, that revels long a nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good-morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cinna*; now *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius*?
I have an Hour's talk in store for you,

Remember that you call on me to Day,
Be near me that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will; and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.
Cas. Good Friends go in and taste some Wine with me,
And we, like Friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the same, *Cæsar*,
The Heart of *Brutus* earns to think upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Street.*

Enter Artemidorus *reading a Paper.*

Cæsar, *beware of* Brutus, *take heed of* Cassius, *come not near* Caska, *have an Eye to* Cinna, *trust not* Trebonius, *mark well* Metellus Cimber, Decius Brutus *loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one Mind in all these Men, and it is bent against* Cæsar. *If thou beest not immortal, look about thee: Security gives way to Conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.*

Thy Lover *Artemidorus.*

Here will I stand, 'till *Cæsar* pass along,
And as a Suitor will I give him this:
My Heart laments, that Virtue cannot live
Out of the Teeth of Emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæsar*, thou may'st live;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Enter Portia *and* Lucius.

Por. I prithee, Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone,
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my Errand, Madam.
Por. I would have told thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there ——
O Constancy, be strong upon my Side,
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue;
I have a Man's Mind, but a Woman's Might:
How hard it is for Women to keep Counsel!
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else!

And

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note,
What *Cæsar* doth, what Suitors press on him.
Hark Boy! what Noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Prithee listen well:
I heard a blustring Rumour like a Fray,
And the Wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artimidorus.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou been?

Art. At my own House, good Lady.

Por. What is't a Clock?

Art. About the ninth Hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet, I go to make my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some Suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not!

Art. That I have, Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to defend himself.

Por. Why know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Art. None that I know will be,
Much that I fear may chance.
Good-Morrow to you. Here the Street is narrow;
The Throng that follows *Cæsar* at the Heels
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble Man almost to Death:
I'll get me to a Place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in. —— Aye me! how weak a thing
The Heart of Woman is! O *Brutus*!
The Hev'ns speed thee in thy Enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a Suit
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Capitol.*

Flourish. *Enter* Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, *and the Sooth-sayers.*

Cæs. THE Ides of *March* are come.
Sooth. Ay, *Cæsar*, but not gone.
Art. Hail, *Cæsar*: Read this Schedule.
Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble Suit.
Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first; for mine's a Suit
That touches *Cæsar* nearer. Read it, great *Cæsar*.
Cæs. What touches us our self, shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not, *Cæsar*, read it instantly,
Cæs. What is the Fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What urge you your Petitions in the Street?
Come to the Capitol.
Pop. I wish your Enterprize to Day may thrive.
Cas. What Enterprize, *Popilius*?
Pop. Fare you well.
Bru. What said *Popilius Lena*?
Cas. He wish'd to Day our Enterprize might thrive:
I fear our Purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look how he makes to *Cæsar*; mark him.
Cas. *Caska*, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turn back,
For I will slay my self.
Bru. *Cassius* be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our Purposes.
For look he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.
Cas. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.
Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? Let him go,
And presently prefer his Suit to *Cæsar*.
Bru. He is addrest; press near, and second him.

Cin. Caska. you are the first that rears your Hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy Seat [*Kneeling.*
An humble Heart.
Cæs. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*;
These Couchings, and these lowly Curtesies
Might fire the Blood of ordinary Men,
And turn Pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To think, that *Cæsar* bears such Rebel Blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true Quality,
With that which melteth Fools; I mean sweet Words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniel Fawning.
Thy Brother by Decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a Cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without Cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no Voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar*'s Ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?
Bru. I kiss thy Hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar*;
Desiring thee, that *Publius Ciber* may
Have an immediate Freedom of Repeal.
Cæs. What *Brutus*! ——
Cas. Pardon, *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, Pardon;
As low as to thy Foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg Enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.
Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true, fixt, and resting Quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament;
The Skies are painted with unnumbred sparks;
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World, 'tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his Rank,

Unshak'd

Unshak'd of Motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O *Cæsar* ——

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus*?

Dec. Great *Cæsar* ——

Cæs. Do not *Brutus*, bootless kneel.

Cask. Speak Hands for me. [*They Stab* Cæsar.

Cæs. *Et tu Brute* —— Then fall *Cæsar*.

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead, ——
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the Streets ——

Cas. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement.

Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not, stand still, Ambition's Debt is paid.

Cask. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this Mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some Friend of *Cæsar's*
Should chance ——

Bru. Talk not of standing. *Publius*, good Cheer,
There is no harm intended to your Person,
Nor to no *Roman* else; so tell them *Publius*,

Cas. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the People
Rushing on us, should do your Age some Mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no Man abide this Deed,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is *Antony*?

Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd,
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your Pleasures;
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the Time
And drawing Days out, that Men stand upon.

Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty Years of Life,
Cuts off so many Years of fearing Death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit.
So are we *Cæsar's* Friends, that have abridg'd
His Time of fearing Death. Stoop *Romans*, stoop,

And let us bathe our Hands in *Cæsar*'s Blood.
Up to the Elbows, and besmear our Swords;
Then walk we forth even to the Market-place,
And waving our red Weapons o'er our Heads,
Let's all cry Peace! Freedom! and Liberty.

Cas. Stoop then, and wash—How many Ages hence
[*Dipping their Swords in* Cæsar's *Blood.*
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In States unborn, and Accents, yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompey*'s Basies lies along,
No worthier than the Dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the Knot of us be call'd,
The Men that give their Country Liberty.

Dec. What, what, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every Man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his Heels
With the most bold, and the best Hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? a Frind of *Antony*'s.

Ser. Thus, *Brutus*, did my Master bid me Kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down, [*Kneeling.*
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say,
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant and Honest;
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royal and Loving;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in Death,
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So says my Master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy Master is a wise and valiant *Roman*,
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied, and by my Honour
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently, [*Exit. Servant.*

Bru.

Bru. I know that we ſhall have him well to Friend.

Caſ. I wiſh he may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my miſgiving ſtill
Falls ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony.*
Welcome *Mark Antony*;

Ant. O mighty *Cæſar!* doſt thou lie ſo low?
Are all thy Conqueſts, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunk to this little Meaſure? —— Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is rank;
If I my ſelf, there is no Hour ſo fit
As *Cæſar*'s Deaths Hour; nor no Inſtrument
Of half that worth, as thoſe your Swords, made rich
With the moſt noble Blood of all this World.
I do beſeech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilſt your purpled Hands do reek and ſmoak,
Fulfil your Pleaſure. Live a thouſand Years,
I ſhall not find my ſelf ſo apt to die:
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no mean of Death,
As here by *Cæſar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Maſter Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O *Antony!* Beg not your Death of us:
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our Hands, and this our preſent Act,
You ſee we do; yet ſee you but our Hands,
And this, the bleeding Buſineſs they have done.
Our Hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*,
As Fire drives out Fire, ſo Pity, Pity,
Hath done this deed on *Cæſar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden Points, *Mark Antony*,
Our Arms in ſtrength of Malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kind Love, good Thoughts, and Reverence.

Caſ. Your Voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any Man's,
In the diſpoſing of new Dignities,

Bru. Only be patient 'till we have appeas'd
The Multitude, beſide themſelves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the Cauſe.

Why

Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I ſtrook him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wiſdom.
Let each Man render me his bloody Hand;
Firſt, *Marcus Brutus*, will I ſhake with you;
Next, *Caius Caſſius* do I take your Hand;
Now *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
Yours, *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
Though laſt, not leaſt in love, yours, good *Trebonius*;
Gentlemen all——alas, what ſhall I ſay,
My Credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery Ground,
That one or two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee, *Cæſar*, O 'tis true;
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy Death,
To ſee thy *Antony* making his Peace,
Shaking the bloody Fingers of thy Foes,
Moſt Noble! in the preſence of thy Coarſe?
Had I as many Eyes, as thou haſt Wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy Blood,
It would become me better, than to cloſe
In terms of Friendſhip with thine Enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius*—here waſt thou bay'd, brave Hart,
Here didſt thou fall, and here thy Hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and crimſon'd in thy *Lethe*.
O World! thou waſt the Foreſt to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deer, ſtricken by many Princes,
Doſt thou here lye?

Caſ. Mark Antony——

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Caſſius*;
The Enemies of *Cæſar* ſhall ſay this:
Then in a Friend, it is cold Modeſty.

Caſ. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæſar* ſo,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or ſhall we on; and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your Hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the Point, by lookſng down on *Cæſar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me Reaſons,

Why,

Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage Spectacle.
Our Reason are so full of good regard.
That were you *Antony* the Son of *Cæsar*,
You shall be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;
And am moreover Suitor, that I may
Produce his Body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as become a Friend.
Speak in the Order of his Funeral.

Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you ——.
You know not what you do, do not consent [*Aside.*
That *Antony* speak in his Funeral:
Know you how much the People may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your Pardon,
I will my self into the Pulpit first,
And shew the Reason of our *Cæsar*'s Death.
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission;
And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies:
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here take your *Cæsar*'s Body;
You shall not in your Funeral Speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*,
And say you do't by our Permission:
Else you shall not have any hand at all
About his Funeral. And you shall speak
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my Speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the Body then, and follow us. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruins of the noblest Man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the Hand that shed this costly Blood!

Over the Wounds, now do I propheſy,
(Which like dumb Mouths, do ope their ruby Lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my Tongue)
A Curſe ſhall light upon the Limbs of Men;
Domeſtick Fury, and fierce civil Strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
Blood and Deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful Objects ſo familiar,
That Mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the Hands of War:
All Pity choak'd with Cuſtom of fell Deeds,
And *Cæſar's* Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With *Ate* by his ſide, come hot from Hell,
Shall in theſe Confines, with a Monarch's Voice,
Cry havock, and let ſlip the Dogs of War,
That this foul Deed ſhall ſmell above the Earth
With Carrion Men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's *Servant.*

You ſerve *Octavius Cæſar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony.*

Ant. *Cæſar* did write for him to come to *Rome.*

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming,
And bid me ſay to you by word of Mouth——
O *Cæſar!* [*Seeing the* Body.

Ant. Thy Heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
Paſſion I ſee is catching, for mine Eyes,
Seeing theſe Beads of Sorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water.. Is thy Maſter coming?

Ser. He lies to Night within ſeven Leagues of *Rome.*

Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath [chanc'd
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of Safety for *Octavius* yet;
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a while,
Thou ſhalt not back, 'till I have born this Coarſe
Into the Market-place: There ſhall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruel iſſue of theſe bloody Men;
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young *Octavius* of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your Hand. [*Exeunt with* Cæſar's *Body.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *The* Forum.

Enter Brutus, *and goes into the Pulpit; and* Cassius, *with the* Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience, Friends.
Cassius, go you into the other Street,
And part the Numbers;
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow *Cassius* go with him,
And publick Reasons shall be rendred
Of *Cæsar*'s Death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exeunt* Cassius, *with some of the* Plebeians.

3 *Pleb.* The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be Patient 'till the last.

Romans, Country-men, and Lovers, hear me for my Cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine Honour, and have respect to mine Honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in the Assembly, any dear Friend of *Cæsar*'s to them I say, that Brutus love to *Cæsar* was no less than his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my Answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and die all Slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him; but as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Tears for his Love, Joy for his Fortune, Honour for his Valour, and Death for his Ambition. Who is here so base that would be a Bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a *Roman*? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his Country? If any, speak; for him have I offended, —— I pause for a Reply——

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar* than you shall do to *Brutus.* The Question of his Death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his Offences enforc'd, for which he suffered Death.

Enter Mark Antony *with* Cæsar's *Body.*

Here comes his Body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*: who tho' he had no hand in his Death, shall receive the Benefit of his dying, a Place in the Commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, That as I slew my best Lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same Dagger for my self, when it shall please my Country to need my Death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live, live.

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with Triumph home unto his House.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a Statute with his Ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar.*

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar*'s better Parts
Shall be crown'd in *Brutus.*

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his House
With Shouts and Clamors.

Bru. My Countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! Silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, Ho!

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæsar*'s Corps, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæsar*'s Glories, which *Mark Antony*,
By our Permission, is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a Man depart,
Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Pleb.* Stay, Ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony.*

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick Chair,
We'll hear him: Noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus*'s sake I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus*'s sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;
We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can ſay.
Ant. You gentle *Romans*——
All. Peace, Ho, let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your Ears,
I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him.
The evil that Men do lives after them,
The Good is oft interred with their Bones:
So let it be with *Cæſar*. The noble *Brutus*,
Hath told you, *Cæſar* was ambitious;
If it were ſo, it was a grievous Fault,
And grievouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the reſt,
(For *Brutus* is an honourale Man,
So are they all, all honourable Men)
Come I to ſpeak in *Cæſar*'s Funeral.
He was my Friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But *Brutus* ſays, He was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable Man
He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,
Whoſe Ranſoms did the general Coffers fill;
Did this in *Cæſar* ſeem ambitious?
When that the Poor have cry'd, *Cæſar* hath wept;
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner Stuff:
Yet *Brutus* ſays, He was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable Man.
You all did ſee that on the *Lupercal*,
I thrice preſented him a Kingly Crown,
Which he did twice refuſe. Was this Ambition?
Yet *Brutus* ſays, He was ambitious,
And ſure he is an honourable Man,
I ſpeak not to diſprove what *Brutus* ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe,
What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O Judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh Beaſts,
And Men have loſt their Reaſon--Bear with me,
My Heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæſar*,
And I muſt pauſe 'till it come back to me.
1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much Reaſons in his Sayings.
If thou conſider rightly of the Matter,
Cæſar has had great wrong.
3 *Pleb.* Has he, Maſters? I fear there will a worſe come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the Crown,
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found ſo, ſome will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor Sould his Eyes are red as Fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler Man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to ſpeak.

Ant. But yeſterday the word of *Cæſar* might
Have ſtood againſt the World; now lies he there,
And none ſo poor to do him Reverence.
O Maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your Hearts and Minds to Mutiny and Rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong;
Who, you all know, are honourable Men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chuſe
To wrong the Dead, to wrong myſelf and you,
Than I will wrong ſuch Honourable Men.
But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of *Cæſar*.
I found it in his Cloſet, 'tis his Will,
Let but the Commons hear this Teſtament,
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to Read,
And they would go and kiſs dead *Cæſar*'s Wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his ſacred Blood;
Yea, beg a Hair of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy,
Unto their Iſſue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæſar*'s Will.

Ant. Have Patience, gentle Friends, I muſt not read it,
It is not meet you know how *Cæſar* lov'd you.
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but Men:
And being Men, hearing the Will of *Cæſar*,
It will inflame you; it will make you Mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
For if you ſhould---O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will; we'll hear it, *Antony*:
You ſhall read us the Will, *Cæſar*'s Will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you ſtay awhile,
I have o'er-ſhot myſelf to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable Men,
Whoſe Daggers have ſtabb'd *Cæſar*---I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.*

4 *Pleb.* They were Traytors---Honourable Men!
All. The Will! the Testament!
2 *Pleb.* They were Villains, Murderers; the Will! read the Will!
Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corps of *Cæsar*,
And let me shew you him that made the Will.
Shall I descend; and will you give me leave?
All. Come down. (*He comes down from the Pulpit.*
2 *Pleb.* Descend.
3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.
4 *Pleb.* A Ring, stand round.
1 *Pleb.* Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.
2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*---most noble *Antony*!
Ant. Nay press not so upon me, stand far off.
All. Stand back---room---bear back——
Ant. If you have Tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent,
That Day he overcame the *Nervii*--
Look! in this Place, ran *Cassius*'s Dagger through----
See what a Rent the envious *Caska* made--
Through this, the well beloved *Brutus* stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steel away,
Mark how the Blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it--
As rushing out of Doors, to be resolv'd,
If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no.
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar*'s Angel.
Judge, O you Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest Cut of all;
For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than Traitors Arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty Heart:
And in his Mantle muffling up his Face,
Even at the Base of *Pompey*'s Statue,
Which all the while ran Blood, great *Cæsar* fell.
O what a Fall was there, my Countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody Treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of Pity; these are gracious drops.

Kind

Kind Souls! what weep you, when you but behold
Our *Cæsar*'s Vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd as you see with Traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous Spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar!*

3 *Pleb.* O woful Day!

4 *Pleb.* O Traitors, Villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: Revenge:
About——seek——burn——fire——kill——slay!
Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Countrymen---

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony.*

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll dye with him---

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden Flood of Mutiny:
They that have done this Deed, are Honourable;
What private Griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;
And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.
I come not, Friends, to steal away your Hearts?
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt Man,
That love my Friend, and that they know full well,
That give me publick leave to speak of him:
For I have neither Wit, nor Words, nor Worth,
Action nor Utterance, nor the Power of Speech,
To stir Mens Blood; I only speak right on.
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know,
Shew you sweet *Cæsar*'s Wounds, poor, poor dumb Mouths,
And bid them speak for me; but were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
The Stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny--

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the House of *Brutus.*

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen, yet hear me speak.

All. Peace ho, here *Antony*, most noble *Antony.*

Ant.

Ant. Why, Friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserved your Loves?
Alas you know not: I must tell you then
You have forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Most true —— the Will —— let's stay and hear the [Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsar*'s Seal.
To every *Roman* Citizen he gives,
To every several Man, seventy five Drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble *Cæsar!* we'll revenge his Death.

3 *Pleb.* O Royal *Cæsar!*

Ant. Hear me with Patience.

All. Peace ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walks,
His private Arbers, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side *Tiber*, he hath left them you,
And to your Heirs for ever; common Pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.
Here was a *Cæsar*, when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come away, away;
We'll burn his Body in the holy Place,
And with the Brands fire all the Traitors Houses.
Take up the Body.

2 *Pleb.* Go fetch Fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down Benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down Forms, Windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Plebeians *with the Body.*

Ant. Now let it work; Mischief thou art afoot,
Take thou what Course thou wilt.
How now, Fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome.*

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar*'s House.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this Mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid, like Madmen, through the Gates of *Rome.*

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the People,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna *the Poet, and after him the* Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to Night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy,
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your Name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married Man, or a Batchellor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every Man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my Name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married Man, or a Batchellor? Then to answer every Man directly and briefly, wisely and truly; wisely, I say—I am a Batchellor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear: Proceed directly.

Cin. Directly I am going to *Cæsar*'s Funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cin. As a Friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answered directly:

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling? briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your Name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly my Name is *Cinna.*

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to Pieces, he's a Conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad Verses, tear him for his bad Verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his Name's *Cinna*, pluck but his Name out of his Heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come brands ho, Firebrands:
To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius*'s House,
And some to *Caska*'s, some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.

[*Exeunt all the* Plebeians.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

Enter Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus.

Ant. THese many then ſhall die, their Names are prickt.

Oct. Your Brother too muſt die; conſent you, [*Lepidus*?

Lep. I do conſent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony*.

Lep. Upon Condition *Publius* ſhall not live,
Who is your Siſter's Son, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. He ſhall not live; look, with a Spot, I damn him.
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæſar*'s Houſe;
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome Charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? ſhall I find you here?

Oct. Or here or at the Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a ſlight unmeritable Man,
Meet to be ſent on Errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold World divided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?

Oct. So you thought him,
And took his Voice, who ſhould be prickt to die,
In our black Sentence and Proſcription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have ſeen more Days than you;
And though we lay theſe Honours on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſland'rous Loads,
He ſhall but bear them, as the Aſs bears Gold;
To groan and ſweat under the Buſineſs,
Either led or driven, as we print the way,
And having brought our Treaſure, where we will,
Then take we down his Load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty Aſs, to ſhake his Ears,
And graze in Commons.

Oct. You may do your Will;
But he's a try'd and valiant Soldier.

Ant. So is my Horſe, *Octavius*, and for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,

To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on,
His corporal Motion, govern'd by my Spirit;
And in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo;
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth,
A barren ſpirited Fellow, one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations,
Which out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other Men;
Begin his faſhion. Do not talk of him,
But as a Property. And now, *Octavius*,
Liſten great things — *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are levying Powers; we muſt ſtraight make Head.
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt Friends made, and our beſt means ſtretcht [out,
And let us preſently go ſit in Council,
How covert Matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open Perils ſureſt anſwered.

Oct. Let us do ſo; for we are at the ſtake,
And bayed about with many Enemies,
And ſome that ſmile have in their Hearts, I fear,
Millions of Miſchiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before* Brutus's *Tent, in the Camp near* Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, *and Soldiers*: Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand!

Bru. What now, *Lucilius*? is *Caſſius* near?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you Salutation from his Maſter,

Bru. He greets me well. Your Maſter, *Pindarus*,
In his own change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I ſhall be ſatisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble Maſter will appear
Such as he is, full of Regard, and Honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucilius* —
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar Instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith:
But hollow Men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle.
[*Low March within.*
But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crest, and like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Trial. Comes his Army on?
Luc. They mean this Night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater Part, the Horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*.
Enter Cassius *and Soldiers.*
Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.
Cas. Stand, ho?
Bru. Stand, ho! speak the word along.
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!
Cas. Most noble Brother! you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother?
Cas. *Brutus*, this sober Form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them. —
Bru. *Cassius*, be content,
Speak your Griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the Eyes of both our Armies here,
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Griefs,
And I will give you Audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our Commannders lead their Charges off

A little

A little from this Ground.

Bru. *Lucilius*, do you the like, and let no Man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard the Door. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Brutus *and* Cassius.

Caſ. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking Bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my Letter praying on his Side,
Becauſe I knew the Man, was ſlighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourſelf to write in ſuch a Caſe.

Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet,
That every nice Offence ſhould bear his Comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, *Caſſius*, you yourſelf
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To ſell, and mart your Offices for Gold
To Undeſervers.

Caſ. I an itching Palm?
You know that you are *Brutus* that ſpeaks this,
Or by the Gods, this Speech were elſe your laſt.

Bru. The name of *Caſſius* honours this Corruption,
And Chaſtiſement doth therefore hide his Head.

Caſ. Chaſtiſement!—

Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember;
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Juſtice ſake?
What Villain touch'd his Body, that did ſtab,
And not for Juſtice? What, ſhall one of Us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt Man of all this World,
But for ſupporting Robbers, ſhall we now
Contaminate our Fingers with baſe Bribes?
And ſell the mighty Space of our large Honours
For ſo much Traſh, as may be graſped thus—
I had rather be a Dog, and bait the Moon,
Than ſuch a *Roman*.

Caſ. *Brutus*, bait not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourſelf,
To hedge me in, I am a Soldier, I,
Older in Practice, abler than yourſelf
To make Conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not *Caſſius*.

Caſ. I am.

Bru. I ſay, you are not.

Caſ.

Caſ. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget myſelf —
Have mind upon your Health — Tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away, ſlight Man.
Caſ. Is't poſſible? —
Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh Choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman ſtares?
Caſ. O ye Gods! ye Gods! muſt I endure all this?
Bru. All this! Ay more. Fret till your proud Heart [break;
Go ſhew your ſlaves how Cholerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty Humour? By the Gods
You ſhall digeſt the Venom of your Spleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you. For from this Day forth,
I'll uſe you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.
Caſ. Is it come to this? —
Bru. You ſay, you are a better Soldier;
Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble Men.
Caſ. You wrong me every way — you wrong me *Bru*- [*tus*;
I ſaid, an Elder Soldier, not a Better.
Did I ſay Better —
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Caſ. When *Cæſar* liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd [me.
Bru. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.
Caſ. I durſt not! —
Bru. No.
Caſ. What? durſt not tempt him!
Bru. For your Life you durſt not.
Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no Terror, *Caſſius*, in your Threats,
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle Wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of Gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raiſe no Money by vile means.

By

By Heav'n, I had rather coin my Heart,
And drop my Blood for Drachma's, than to wring
From the hard Hands of Peaſants, their vile Traſh
By any Indirection. I did ſend
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me; was that done like *Caſſius*?
Should I have anſwered *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch Raſcal Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunderbolts,
Daſh him to pieces.

Caſ. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Caſ. I did not—He was but a Fool
That brought my anſwer back-*Brutus* hath riv'd my Heart,
A Friend ſhould bear a Friend's Infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not 'till you practiſe them on me.

Caſ. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your Faults.

Caſ. A friendly Eye could never ſee ſuch Faults.

Bru. A Flatterer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Caſ. Come *Antony* and young *Octavius* come,
Revenge yourſelves alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is a weary of the World;
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a Bondman, all his Faults obſerv'd,
Set in a Note-Book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my Teeth. O I could weep
My Spirit from mine Eyes! There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breaſt.—Within a Heart
Dearer than *Pluto*'s Mine, richer than Gold;
If that thou be'eſt a *Roman* take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart;
Strike as thou didſt at *Ceſar*, for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt *Caſſius*.

Bru. Sheath your Dagger;
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope,
Do what you will, Diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O, *Caſſius*, you are yoked with a Lamb,

That carries Anger as the Flint bears Fire,
Who much inforced, ſhews a haſty Spark,
And ſtraight is cold again.

Caſ. Hath *Caſſius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When Grief and Blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Caſ. Do you confeſs ſo much? Give me your Hand.

Bru. And my Heart to. [*Embracing*.

Caſ. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the Matter?

Caſ. Have not you Love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh Humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Caſſius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your Mother chides, and leave you ſo.

Enter Lucius *and* Titinius *and a Poet*.

Poet. Let me go in to ſee the Generals,
There is ſome grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. You ſhall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but Death ſhall ſtay me.

Caſ. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For ſhame you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be Friends, as two ſuch Men ſhould be,
For I have ſeen more Years I'm ſure than ye.

Caſ. Ha ha—how vilely doth this Cynick rhime!

Bru. Get you hence, Sirrah; ſawcy Fellow, hence.

Caſ. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his Faſhion.

Bru. I'll know his Humour, when he knows his Time;
What ſhould the Wars do with theſe jigging Fools?
Companion, hence.

Caſ. Away, away, be gone. [*Exit. Poet.*

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to Night.

Caſ. And come yourſelves, and bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.

Bru. *Lucius*, a Bowl of Wine.

Caſ. I did not think you could have been ſo angry.

Bru. O *Caſſius* I am ſick of many Griefs.

Caſ. Of your Philoſophy you make no uſe,

If

If you give place to accidental Evils.

Bru. No Man bears Sorrow better — *Portia* is dead.

Caſ. Ha! *Portia!* ———

Bru. She is dead.

Caſ. How ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable and touching Loſs
Upon what Sickneſs?

Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And Grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong: For with her Death
That tydings came. With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her Attendants abſent) ſwallow'd Fire.

Caſ. And dy'd ſo?

Bru. Even ſo.

Caſ. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: Give me a Bowl of Wine.
In this I bury all unkindneſs, *Caſſius.* [*Drinks.*

Caſ. My Heart is thirſty for that noble Pledge.
Fill, *Lucius,* till the Wine o'r-ſwell the Cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus* Love.

Enter Titinius, *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius*; welcome, good *Meſſala*:
Now ſit we cloſe about this Taper here,
And call in queſtion our Neceſſities.

Caſ. *Portia!* art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.
Meſſala, I have here received Letters,
That young *Octavius,* and *Mark Antony,*
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi.*

Meſ. Myſelf have Letters of the ſelf-ſame tenure.

Bru. With what Addition?

Meſ. That by Proſcription, and Bill of Outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and *Lepidus,*
Have put to Death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree;
Mine ſpeak of ſeventy Senators, that dy'd
By their Proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Caſ. *Cicero* one? —

Meſ. *Cicero* is dead; and by that Order of Proſcription,
Had you your Letters from your Wife my Lord?

Bru. No, *Messala.*
Mes. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, *Messala.*
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you ought of her, in yours?
Mes. No, my Lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a *Roman*, bear the Truth I tell,
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewel, *Portia* — we must die, *Messala.*
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great Men, great Losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our Work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your Reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the Enemy seek us,
So shall he waste his means, weary his Soldiers,
Doing himself Offence, whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.
Bru. Good Reasons must of force give place to better.
The People 'twixt *Philippi*, and this Ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd Affection;
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller Number up,
Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd;
From which Advantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These People at our Back.
Cas. Hear me, good Brother —
Bru. Under your Pardon. You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our Friends,
Our Legions are brim full, our Cause is ripe.
The Enemy increaseth every Day.
We at the Height, are ready to decline.
There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;

Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life,
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miſeries.
On ſuch a full Sea, are we now a-float,
And we muſt take the Current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our Ventures.

Caſ. Then with your will go on; we will along
Our ſelves, and meet them at *Philippi.*

Bru. The deep of Night is crept upon our Talk,
And Nature muſt obey Neceſſity,
Which we will niggard with a little Reſt;
There is no more to ſay.

Caſ. No more; good Night —
Early to Morrow we will riſe, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius,* my Gown; farewel good *Meſſala,*
Good Night, *Titinius:* Noble, Noble *Caſſius,*
Good Night, and good Repoſe.

Caſ. O my dear Brother!
This was an ill beginning of the Night,
Never come ſuch Diviſion 'tween our Souls;
Let it not, *Brutus.*

Enter Lucius *with the Gown.*

Bru. Every thing is well.

Caſ. Good Night, my Lord.

Bru. Good Night, good Brother.

Tit. Meſſa. Good Night, Lord *Brutus.*

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*
Give me the Gown. Where is thy Inſtrument?

Luc. Here in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou ſpeakeſt drowſily?
Poor Knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd,
Call *Claudius,* and ſome other of my Men,
I'll have them ſleep on Cuſhions in my Tent.

Luc. *Varro* and *Claudius.*

Enter Varro *and* Claudius.

Var. Calls my Lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lye in my Tent, and ſleep,
It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by,
On Buſineſs to my Brother *Caſſius.*

Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand, and watch your [Pleaſure.

Bru. I will not have it ſo; lye down, good Sirs,
It may be I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.

Look

Look *Lucius*, here's the Book I sought for so;
I put it in the Pocket of my Gown.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good Boy, I am much forgetful,
Canst thou hold up thy heavy Eyes a while,
And touch thy Instrument, a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my Boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my Duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy Duty past thy Might,
I know young Bloods look for a time of Rest.

Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Musick and a Song.*
This is a sleepy Tune —— O murderous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,
That plays thee Musick? Gentle Knave, good Night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,
I'll take it from thee, and, good Boy, good Night.
Let me see, let me see? is not the Leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He sits down to read.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burns! Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine Eyes,
That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
It comes upon me; Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,
That mak'st my Blood cold, my Hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil Spirit, *Brutus.*

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi.*

Bru. Well—then I shall see thee again—

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi.* [*Exit Ghost.*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then.
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest,
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy!

Boy! *Lucius!* *Varro!* *Claudius!* Sirs! awake! *Claudius*!

Luc. The ſtrings, my Lord, are falſe.

Bru. He thinks he ſtill is at his Inſtrument. *Lucius*! awake.

Luc. My Lord!——

Bru. Didſt thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou ſo criedſt out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didſt; didſt thou ſee any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; Sirrah, *Claudius*, Fellow! Thou! awake.

Var. My Lord!

Clau. My Lord!

Bru. Why did you ſo cry out, Sirs, in your Sleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. Ay, ſaw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I ſaw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Caſſius*;
Bid him ſet on his Powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It ſhall be done, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Fields of* Philippi, *with the two Camps.*

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*

Octa. NOW, *Antony*, our Hopes are anſwered,
You ſaid the Enemy would not come down,
But keep the Hills and upper Regions;
It proves not ſo; their Battles are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Anſwering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their Boſoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content

To

To viſit other Places, and come down
With fearful bravery; thinking by this Face
To faſten in our thoughts that they have Courage,
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant ſhew;
Their bloody Sign of Battle is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your Battle ſoftly on
Upon the left Hand of the even Field.

Octa. Upon the right Hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you croſs me in this exigent?

Octa. I do not croſs you; but I will do ſo. [*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Caſſius, *and their Army.*

Bru. They ſtand, and would have Parley.

Caſ. Stand faſt, *Titinius*, we muſt go out and talk.

Octa. Mark Antony, ſhall we give ſign of Battle?

Ant. No, *Cæſar*, we will anſwer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have ſome Words.

Octa. Stir not until the Signal.

Bru. Words before Blows: is it ſo, Countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love Words better, as you do.

Bru. Good Words are better than bad Strokes, *Octavius*.

Ant. In your bad Strokes, *Brutus*, you give good Words.
Witneſs the hole you made in *Cæſar*'s Heart,
Crying, Long live, hail *Cæſar*.

Caſ. Antony,
The poſture of your Blows are yet unknown;
But for your Words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leave them Honey-leſs.

Ant. Not ſtingleſs too.

Bru. O yes, and ſoundleſs too;
For you have ſtoln their buzzing *Antony*,
And very wiſely threat before you ſting.

Ant. Villains! you did not ſo, when your vile Daggers
Hack'd one another in the ſides of *Cæſar*.
You ſhew'd your Teeth like Apes, and fawn'd like [Hounds,
And bow'd like bond-men, kiſſing *Cæſar*'s Feet;
Whilſt damned *Caska*, like a Cur, behind
Struck *Cæſar* on the Neck. O you Flatterers!

Caſ.

Caſ. Flatterers! Now *Brutus* thank yourſelf;
This Tongue had not offended ſo to day,
If *Caſſius* might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the Cauſe. If arguing make us [ſweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder Drops.
Behold, I draw a Sword againſt Conſpirators,
When think you that the Sword goes up again?
Never, 'till *Cæſar*'s three and thirty Wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæſar*
Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Bru. *Cæſar*, thou canſt not dye by Traitors Hands,
Unleſs thou bringſt them with thee.

Octa. So I hope;
I was not born to die on *Brutus* Sword.

Bru. O if thou wert the nobleſt of thy ſtrain,
Young Man, thou couldſt not dye more Honourable.

Caſ. A peeviſh School-boy, worthleſs of ſuch Honour,
Join'd with a Masket and a Reveller.

Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill.

Octa. Come, *Antony*, away;
Defiance, Traitors hurl we in your Teeth,
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field,
If not, when you have Stomachs.

[*Exe.* Octavius. Antony, *and Army.*

Caſ. Why now blow Wind, ſwell Billow, and ſwim [Bark:
The Storm is up, and all is on the Hazard.

Bru. Ho, *Lucilius*, —— hark a word with you.

[Lucilius *and* Meſſala *ſtand forth.*

Luc. My Lord. [Brutus *ſpeaks apart to* Lucilius.

Caſ. *Meſſala.*

Meſ. What ſays my General?

Caſ. *Meſſala*, this is my Birth-Day; as this very Day
Was *Caſſius* born. Give me thy Hand, *Meſſala*;
Be thou my Witneſs, that againſt my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one Battel all our Liberties.
You know that I held *Epicurus* ſtrong,
And his Opinion; now I change my Mind,
And partly credit things that do preſage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremoſt Enſign

Two

Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers Hands,
Who to *Philippi* here consorted us:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads, do Ravens, Crows, and Kites,
Fly o'er our Heads, and downward look on us
As we were sickly Prey; their shadows seem
A Canopy most fatal, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of Spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all Peril, very constantly.

Bru. Even so, *Lucius.*

Cas. Now most Noble *Brutus,*
The Gods to Day stand friendly; that we may
Lovers in Peace, lead on our Days to Age.
But since the Affairs of Men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befal.
If we do lose this Battel, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together?
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato,* for the Death
Which he did give himself, I know not how;
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of Life, arming myself with patience,
To stay the Providence of some high Powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then if we lose this Battel,
You are contented to be led in triumph,
Through the Street, of *Rome.*

Bru. No, *Cassius,* no; think not, thou noble *Roman,*
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome,*
He bears too great a Mind. But this same Day
Must end that Work, the Ides of *March* begun.
And whether we shall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlasting farewel take;
For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Cassius*;
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile,
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Caſ. For ever, and for ever, farewel, *Brutus*;
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then lead on. O that a Man might know
The end of this Day's Buſineſs, ere it come;
But it ſufficeth, that the Day will end,
And then the end is known. Come ho, away. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus *and* Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Meſſala*, ride and give theſe Bills
Unto the Legions, on the other ſide. [*Loud Alarum.*
Let them ſet on at once; for I perceive
But cold Demeanor in *Octavio*'s Wing;
And ſudden puſh gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Meſſala*, let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Caſſius *and* Titinius.

Caſ. O look, *Titinius*, look, the Villains fly!
Myſelf have to mine own turn'd Enemy;
This Enſign here of mine was turning back,
I ſlew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having ſome advantage on *Octavius*
Took it too eagerly; his Soldiers fell to ſpoil,
Whilſt we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off my Lord, fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my Lord;
Fly therefore, noble *Caſſius*, fly far off.

Caſ. This Hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
Are thoſe my Tents where I perceive the Fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Caſ. *Titinius*, if thou loveſt me,
Mount thou my Horſe, and hide thy Spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops,
And here again, that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yond Troops are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Caſ. Go, *Pindarus*, get thither on that Hill,
My ſight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the Field.
This Day I breathed firſt, time is come round,
And where I did begin, there ſhall I end,
My Life is run his Compaſs. Sirrah, what News?

Pind.

Pind. above. O, my Lord!

Caſ. What News?

Pind. Titinius is encloſed round about
With Horſemen, that make to him on the Spur,
Yet he ſpurs on. Now they are almoſt on him;
Now *Titinius*! Now ſome light—O he lights too—
He's ta'en——
And hark, they ſhout for Joy.

Caſ. Come down behold no more;
O Coward that I am, to live ſo long.
To ſee my beſt Friend ta'en before my Face.

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither Sirrah; in *Parthia* did I take thee Priſoner,
And then I ſwore thee, ſaving of thy Life,
That whatſoever I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhouldſt attempt it. Come now, keep thine Oath,
Now be a Freeman, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæſar*'s Bowels, ſearch this Boſom.
Stand not to anſwer: here take thou the Hilts,
And when my Face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword — *Cæſar* thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. [*Kills himſelf.*

Pind. So, I am free, yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my Will. O *Caſſius*,
Far from this Country *Pindarus* ſhall run,
Where never *Roman* ſhall take Note of him. [*Exit.*

Enter Titinius *and* Meſſala.

Meſ. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus* Power,
As *Caſſius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. Theſe Tidings will well comfort *Caſſius*.

Meſ. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All diſconſolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

Meſ. Is not that he that lies upon the Ground?

Tit. He lies not like the Living. O my Heart!

Meſ. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, *Meſſala*.
But *Caſſius* is no more. O ſetting Sun!
As in thy red Rays thou doſt ſink to Night,
So in his red Blood *Caſſius* Day is ſet;
The Sun of *Rome* is ſet. Our Day is gone,

Clouds,

Clouds, Dews, and Dangers come; our Deeds are done;
Mistrust of my Success hath done this Deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good Success hath done this Deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's Child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of Men,
The things that are not? O Error soon conceiv'd;
Thou never com'st unto a happy Birth,
But kill'st the Mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou, *Pindarus*?

Mes. Seek him, *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his Ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing Steel, and Darts invenomed
Shall be as welcome to the Ears of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this sight.

Tit. Hye you, *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while.
Why didst thou send me forth brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Brows this wreath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
[Shouts?
Alas, thou has misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow.
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus* come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.
By your leave, Gods —— This is a *Roman*'s Part,
[*Stabs himself.*
Come *Cassius* Sword, and find *Titinius* Heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his Body lye?

Mes. Lo yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius* Face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
In our own proper Entrails. [*Low Alarums.*

Cato. Brave *Titinius*!
Look where he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*.

Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?

Thou laſt of all the *Romans*, fare thee well;
It is impoſſible that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy Fellow. Friends, I owe more Tears
To this dead Man, than you ſhall ſee me pay.
I ſhall find time, *Caſſius* I ſhall find time ——
Come therefore, and to *Tharſus* ſend his Body,
His Funerals ſhall not be in our Camp,
Leſt it diſcomfort us. *Lucilius* come,
And come, young *Cato*, let us to the Field,
Labio and *Flavius*, ſet our Battles on;
'Tis three a Clock, and, *Romans*, yet ere Night,
We ſhall try Fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter* Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius.

Bru. Yet Countrymen, O yet, hold up your Heads.

Cato. What Baſtard doth not? who will go with me?
I will proclaim my Name about the Field.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Country's Friend.
I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I
Brutus my Country's Friend; know me for *Brutus*.

Luc. O young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why now thou dieſt as bravely as *Titinius*,
And may'ſt be honour'd being *Cato*'s Son.

Sold. Yield, or thou dieſt.

Luc. Only I yield to die;
There is ſo much that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his Death.

Sold. We muſt not; a noble Priſoner.

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell thee News, here comes the General,
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is ſafe enough.
I dare aſſure thee, that no Enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame.
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himſelf.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, Friend, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keep this Man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such Men my Friends than Enemies. Go on,
And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto *Octavius* Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of Friends, rest on this Rock.
Cli. *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light, but, my Lord,
He came not back, he is, or ta'en, or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus*— [*Whispering.*
Cli. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius*!
Dar. Shall I do such a Deed?
Cli. O *Dardanius*!
Dar. O *Clitus*!
Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*: look he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble Vessel full of Grief,
That it runs over even at his Eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.
Vol. What says my Lord?
Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*;
The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two several times by Night; at *Sardis*, once;
And this last Night, here in *Philippi-Fields.*
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my Lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou seest the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit: [*Low Alarum.*
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou knowest that we two went to School together;
Even for that, our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my my Sword's Hilt, while I run on it.
Vol. That's not an Office for a Friend, my Lord.
[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius.*
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewel to thee to *Strat*, Countrymen;
My Heart doth Joy, that yet in all my Life,
I found no Man, but he was true to me.
I shall have Glory by this losing Day,
More than *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* Tongue
Hath almost ended his Life's History.
Night hangs upon mine Eyes, my Bones would rest,
That have but labour'd, to attain this Hour.

[*Alarum Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly —

Bru. Hence; I will follow;
I prethee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good respect;
Thy Life hath had some snatch of Honour in it.
Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy Face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your Hand first. Fare you well, my [Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato* — *Cæsar* now be still,
I kill'd not thee with half so good a Will.

[*He runs on his Sword and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, *and the Army.*

Octa. What Man is that?

Mes. My Master's Man, *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in, *Messala*,
The Conquerors can but make a Fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himself,
And no Man else hath Honour by his Death.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius* saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala.*

Mes. How died my Lord, *Strato*?

Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Meſ. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt Service to my Maſter.

Ant. This was the nobleſt *Roman* of them all;
All the Conſpirators ſave only he,
Did that they did, in Envy of great *Cæſar*:
He, only in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His Life was gentle, and the Elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world; this was a Man.

Octa. According to his Virtue, let us uſe him,
With all reſpect, and rites of Burial.
Within my Tent his Bones to Night ſhall lye,
Moſt like a Soldier, ordered honourably.
So call the Field to reſt, and let's away,
To part the Glories of this happy Day. [*Exeunt omnes*